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Stuck

👁 13   ✔ 1   ⭐ 3

Chapter 1 by Marie-Grace Cali

Looking, looking. No one, anywhere! then I hear, "HELP! HELP! HELP!" Still looking. I find someone! They're stuck in a big crack of the biggest cliff I've ever seen! I run as a fast as a cheetah with prey in sight. Then another person waving their big, broad arms. "Over here!" one person yells. I think his name is Johnathan. The one stuck in the cliff. The other persons name is Billy. How do I know? They are now yelling at each other.

Chapter 2 by 20hupj

"OVER HERE!" yelled Johnathan again.

"Screaming 'over here' will never help," explains Billy, trying to restrain his anger, his blood pulsing all the same.

"It's all your fault!" said Johnathan, tears in his red eyes.

"What! How can you Johnathan, expect me to be the one with all the blame! You where the one who did this!" screamed Billy at the other boy. So, it was defiantly Johnathan who was crying. I begin to shout, as to get there attention. Maybe if they know that I am here and willing to help they may stop panicking.

I look around at the situation. Two teenage boys in a big deep whole. The only way to help them would be to jump over a cliff face. Which wouldn't be much help seeming as I have never heard of anyone surviving something like that. The only person available to help is me, a scrawny 13 year old. I could possible call for help, but to do that I would need a connection for my phone. Glancing once again down into the deep hole I decide calling is probably a better solution then jumping of a cliff.

They stop shouting at one another.

They began to turn.

Slowly in a circle.

To face.

Me.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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